

A
POEM

To the MEMORY of
The Right Reverend Father in God,
Dr. Thomas Rattray
OF CRAIGHALL.

*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? Hor.*



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A P O E M to the Memory of the
R. R. Dr. R. of C.

*Ecce spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat intentus
operi suo Deus !*



! For a Muse like his, that mourn'd in Strains
Sublime, and o'er Gilboa's Mountains wept
For *Jonathan* and *Saul*! O! for a Muse
Inspir'd with more than mortal Song! to paint
What weeping Gratitude and Duty bids,
A Loss, that's great to me, that's great to all!
O! I have lost my Friend, my Father, and my Guide!
That taught me how to prune my tender Wings,
To warm to Life unripen'd Thought, and shew'd
The Way to Truth, and Heav'n; that Heav'n where now
My Friend, my Father, and my Guide is gone.
O! may his Precepts, and Example sage,
In Memory's most faithful Depth embalm'd,
Fresh and untainted still remain; O! may and so we will
That Virtue, and Integrity upright,
To which my 'unfledg'd Mind was tutor'd, spring
To Fruit; and then, grant it, thou Power Supreme!
Though now divided we shall meet again.

BUT what's a private, to the public Loss?
Ye Sons of *Levi*! that the high Benefits
Of GOD's Commands obey, you too have lost

A Father and a Guide, all that regard
 The Cause of Virtue, and of Holy Truth,
 You too have lost a Friend, a steady Friend!

O! Truth, O! Virtue, O! Religion, he
 Was all your own, now you may mourn indeed,
 Your Guardian your Protector is no more:

RATTRAY is gone to Heav'n, and in his Train
 Departed Righteousness, and Holy Faith,
 Integrity, and Justice fair are fled.

His Qualities, how bright! his Thoughts, how just!
 His Virtue pure as limpid Stream, that glides
 Unfals'd by polluting Stains! his Truth,
 Strong as the Noontide Ray, when lightned high
 With full Meridian Blaze, and Lightning all!

His Learning, from the deep, profound, the clear,
 The purest Stream of the *Pierian* Wave
 Was drawn; and then so honey'd o'er with mild
 Good Nature, sweet Benevolence, and kind
 Warm-hearted Charity, with Modesty
 Innate, that knew, and knowing choos'd, the Times
 Adapted best for Silence and for Speech.

How oft, at his paternal Seat, along
 The solitary Banks of nodding Woods,
 Or by the mantling Pools reflective Wave,
 Or seated in the Shade of Rocks romantick,
 Where Water-falls invite to Solitude,

How oft, in Converse sweet, have I beguil'd
 The fleeting Hours, while from his Tongue divine
 Flow'd sweet Instruction and Persuasion strong;
 Persuasion and Instruction strong, and sweet
 As the melodious Note of neighb'ring Thrush,

Or Bird of Night; I listen'd to his Voice,
 And heard away all Time: But now must hear
 No more. Ye Rocks! ye Groves! ye murmuring Streams!
 Ye solitary Walks, to Contemplation sweet
 Devoted, and the Social Joy of 'learned
 Discourse, could you repeat what you have heard,
 Old *Delphos* then were Solitude to thee.

RELIGION pure, pure as th' unclouded Vault
 Of Heaven's bright Azure, round his sacred Head
 Beam'd Glory forth, a Glory mild and soft,
 And gentle as the Moon's Meridian Light;
 Not darken'd o'er with furlly Gloom of Pride
 Ascetic, or the Puritanick Air
 Of sly Hypocrisy: His candid Mind
 Was open as the full blown Rose of Morn,
 And fragrant too, like it, with sweet Perfume,
 And gay as early Lark; and pleas'd and gay
 In all that harmless Mirth inspires, whose Train
 Is ever grac'd with Dove-like Innocence;
 Untainted Purity, and Virtue fair.
 Firm were his Principles, and just as firm,
 And true as just; ne'er was he turn'd aside
 From steady Piety, and manly Goodness,
 By Appetite of Popular Applause;
 Nor buoy'd up on Bubbles, light as Air,
 Or wafted by the Breath of giddy Fools:
 Constant as th' Orient Sun to Eastern Climes,
 Constant to Truth, and th' unfrequented Paths
 Of Justice holy, tho' despis'd, he dar'd
 Support the sinking Cause of Virtue,
 Amidst a World where Virtue is a Crime.

Y^e Mitred Heads! that to the venal Bribe
 Of hop'd Preferment, bend your Crostiers down
 To Ministerial Power; and stain the Lawn
 In crawling to the Tools of Court; that sell,
 That for unhallow'd Mammon sell, your Flock,
 Your Conscience, and your Country, here behold
 A Prelate from the Gaze of Crowds retir'd
 And choosing rather to be Good than Great;
 Behold, and blush, a Churchman, that disdain'd
 To be the Parasite of gilded Pride,
 Or cringe beneath the Feet of Insect Honour,
 With Honesty untainted, Truth sincere,
 With Zeal unweary'd, and unblemish'd Faith,
 Fulfilling all the Duties of his Charge,
 And serving Virtue for its own Reward.
 O! 'tis a Subject worthy the Regard,
 The Gaze of Angels, and the Eye of Heav'n!
 To see the just Man struggling with the Times,
 Stemming the Torrent of o'erflowing Vice,
 And virtuous, where Corruption bears the Sway;
 Heav'n saw it, Angels gaz'd— and GOD approv'd;
 Approv'd, alas! too soon, durst Man complain,
 And took him to himself, to Joys Divine.

COULDST thou *Elijah*-like, have dropt on Earth
 Thy sacred Mantle; then we had been blest;
 But whither shall we find such steady Truth,
 Such Depth of Learning, Judgment so profound,
 Complacency, soft as the falling Dews
 Of Summer's Morn; with manly Wisdom join'd?
 A Man with all the Graces pure adorn'd
 Of intellectual Beauty springing forth,
 Whose

Whose Soul was Harmony, whose Thoughts were Peace,
 Whose Life was moral, as the wise Man's Page;
 Whose Life was more instructing than the Works
 Of sage Philosophy, or Tongue of Eloquence
 In Life, O how instructing, — more in Death; —
 Sad, but improving Scene, — to which my Muse
 With pleas'd Reluctance guides her wond'ring Song.

COME ye Dependants on this Bubble Life!
 That bursts to nothing with a Breath of Air,
 Come here and learn to live, and learn to die.
 To die, — to be no more, — O! Thought of Gloom
 To him whose Every Joy on gilded Bait
 Of Sense deceiving fixt, from GOD withdraws
 His erring Mind! to die, — to be no more. —
 Joy-giving Thought to him, whose purer Soul
 For Bliss celestial pants, and longs for Heav'n!
 Behold the good Man in his final Hour,
 Struggling for Life immortal with Disease,
 And bursting like the Sun through darkening Clouds!
 Behold our pious Father! now confin'd
 Within the narrow Verge of Death-bed Scene,
 And greater there than Prelates in the Stalls
 Of proud Preferment, greater than the State
 Of Majesty enthron'd! What lovely Guards
 Their golden Banners wave around his Head!
 There Christian Charity! there downy Peace!
 Hope Empyrean! Fortitude Divine!
 Love heavenly minded! and Religion pure
 With her attendant Virtues clap their Wings!
 There self approving Conscience hovers o'er
 With healing Balm, and cures the Wounds of Death!

With Unconcern he views th' approaching Gloom
 Of sudden Fate, sudden to all but him,
 Whose Soul was ever plum'd for ready Flight,
 And longing to depart, — with Unconcern
 He Views the gaping Tomb, the Coffin, and the Shroud,
 The bugbear Fright of Infant-Minds appal'd
 With cowardly Pannick, — now with Unconcern
 He leaves this giddy World, and bids Adieu
 To every social Tye. And now the Scene
 Begins to close. — Each wandering Thought attend, —
 Fancy be still, — Profaneness drop the Page,
 Or read with Awe. — See there with holy Hands,
 His Eyes up-rai'd with reverential Joy,
 His Soul intent on Heav'n, in Rapture high
 Of mental Pray'r, th' unbloody Sacrifice,
 Soul strengthening Food ! he takes,
 He takes with Extasy, he takes and feels
 Each Pang of dying Love, of Love Divine,
 Dying for mortal Man, sees Justice crown'd
 With Godlike Mercy blooming by her Side;
 He takes, — he wonders, — he adores, — and dies.
 Dies, — no he lives, see where his Soul mounts up,
 Triumphant mounts with Choral Symphony
 Of Quire Angelick, and th' attendant Throng
 Of heavenly Host, that meet the rising Saint,
 And hail him blest'd, with golden Harps entun'd
 * To sing th' Ascent of GOD's Eternal Son :
 And now he mounts, and now the Ports of Light
 Heaven's Adamantine Ports are open'd wide;
 He triumphs in eternal Bloom of Joy,
 And Immortality is all his own,

He died upon Ascension-day.

O! happy Shade! if through the Fields of Light
 Thou stray'st adoring? or reclin'd, amidst
 The Amaranthine Bowers of Paradise,
 In Contemplation rapturous? or if
 Before the splendid Throne of Glory pure,
 In Gaze of infinite Perfection's Beam?
 Or sent, perhaps, by Heaven's supreme Command,
 (To thee how grateful were the Task) to be
 The guardian Angel of a suffering Church?
 Where e'er thou art; forgive my Muse adventurous
 That fain would pay the Tribute of her Song,
 That Song that's due from all, but most from me;
 And give the Praise you still deserv'd and shun'd
 While here below, O! were it equal to the Theme,
 That Song, that now perhaps may live a Day,
 That Song should perish with the Crush of Nature;
 But thou hast left behind a nobler Fame,
 Than monumental Brass or *Parian* Stone,
 Or Poets Lay, can give, the High Esteem,
 The reverential Love of all the Good
 To whom thy Memory shall e'er be blest'd.



TO THE HONORABLE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
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